

Camera Ready

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Camera Ready

by [perictione \(leclairage\)](#)

Summary

Optimus had only just stopped having dreams that made him leak lubricant onto his berth, when he received a ping on the private line to his office. He narrowly avoided flinching when Megatron's face appeared on the screen.

"I didn't want to make this an *official* call," Megatron said with an infuriating smirk.

Notes

This picks up right after [Last Mech Standing](#)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Megatron was a small dot shooting off into the sky when Optimus turned back to the building that had been their little den of debauchery.

He heard a cough, and Jazz came around the corner of the temporary structure. Optimus didn't know why he was surprised. "Jazz, were you here the whole time?"

Several of the extremely mortifying things Optimus had, uh, said in a perfectly normal volume during the encounter flashed into his processor. But Jazz's being outside didn't mean he'd heard anything necessarily... Optimus tried to ignore how unlikely it was that the Constructicons would have bothered soundproofing a temporary building.

His third-in-command whistled a little tune and said, "Somebot had to stick around in case you needed back-up."

It wasn't a relay race, Optimus thought.

Pushing down several responses that would only end in more embarrassment, Optimus just said, "Let's go home."

Jazz was suspiciously silent for most of the drive back, until about five minutes away from the Ark, when he suddenly opened with, "So... Sounds like the ol' Slagmaker deserves his name, huh, Optimus?"

"What?"

Jazz cleared his vocalizer a bit, and, with a hint of mischief that Optimus found foreboding, said, "Well, 'Megatron', you know? Means 'Massive Tool' and all, eh?"

Definitely *not* soundproof, then.

It was several weeks later, and Optimus had only just stopped having dreams that made him leak lubricant onto his berth, when he received a ping on the private line to his office. The system didn't tag it as a known caller, which was strange. Still, it could be an emergency. He answered it.

Optimus narrowly avoided flinching when Megatron's face appeared on the screen.

"I didn't want to make this an *official* call," Megatron said with an infuriating smirk.

His erstwhile nemesis appeared to be alone. It was the first time they'd seen each other since...the incident. There had been a few minor Decepticon raids in the meantime, but Megatron had not appeared. Optimus had faced no consequences for what had happened, apart from some awkward conversations about the outcome of their little 'contest,' and some even more awkward conversations where he'd had to say, no, he *didn't* need a 'palate cleanser' after his ordeal. Of course, there had also been the erotic dreams.

Optimus had been expecting...well. He'd been expecting to hear *something* from Megatron in that time, but he hadn't. He ruthlessly quashed the thought that *this* might be the moment when he—

Optimus glared. "Well, Megatron? What do you want?"

Megatron reclined back, leisurely, on what Optimus suspected was a throne of all things, and adjusted the angle of the video down to—to—

His, his *spike*—

Optimus gasped, "Megatron!"

Megatron had called Optimus with his spike out. Just, fully pressurized between his legs and twitching a little bit.

Megatron stroked it. The spike's red biolights glowed rhythmically.

It was right *there*, and it was just—big. It was big. So very, very big. Somehow it seemed even more obscenely enormous than Optimus remembered, probably because Optimus now knew intimately what it *felt like*, and what all the little bumps and textures would *do to him*, especially that tiny series of ridges near the base that Optimus vividly remembered driving him straight into overload—

And Megatron was speaking again.

“There wouldn't be anything bad in our developing a little...arrangement, don't you agree?” Megatron didn't wait for his response, which would have been mostly static anyway. “Who knows, we may even come to a professional understanding along the way.”

If Megatron thought he could bribe Optimus into berth with political concessions, well, he could.

“Megatron, I'm—this is inappropriate.”

“Yes, clearly.” Megatron said serenely. “But it was much more inappropriate the last time, and you agreed to that.”

“You can't really be suggesting that we—after all, I'm hardly going to—”

“Oh? Did you not want to see this?” Megatron gestured down to his proudly erect spike. He dragged the hand still gripping it from the head to the base. Megatron couldn't actually get his fingers around the whole thing, and as he went, the gap between his fingertips widened. Optimus couldn't stop his fans from spinning up. Then Megatron made as if to turn off or shift his camera.

Optimus could only stutter, “I—I didn't, I don't—I want—”

Megatron smiled, victoriously, and with teeth. “You like looking at my spike, don't you?”

Optimus felt his optics flare with embarrassment. *Yes*, some awful, traitorous part of him wanted to shout. This was such a bad idea, but he just couldn't help it. He was already lubricating.

“I remember you started getting desperate the very first time you saw it,” Megatron said. “Do you like the idea that I'm going to get off on watching you?”

Before Optimus could get his vocalizer to work again, Megatron suddenly changed the subject. “Are there arms on that chair you're in?”

Still feeling dazed and embarrassed, Optimus said, “I—what? Yes?”

The chair had been specially made to accommodate his size, and it would even recline somewhat if he leaned back.

“Good.” Megatron chuckled, darkly, and Optimus shivered from something that wasn't fear. “Now, be a good Prime and adjust the camera.”

Optimus didn't even have to ask *how*. He changed the angle to show more of his body—by pointing it down at his lap. His panel was still closed, but he had to resist the urge to squirm. He knew where Megatron was looking.

“Oh, very good.” Megatron still had that narrow, predatory look on his face. “Spread your legs.”

Unable to stop himself, Optimus obeyed.

Megatron purred, “Hook your thighs over the arms of the chair. Yes, that’s it. Present yourself to me.”

Optimus jolted, feeling his valve tighten under his panel. He moved like he was in a dream, hardly believing what he was doing, until he was—until he was just as Megatron had asked, *presented*.

He’d had to slide down, curling his back to manage it, both legs up and to the side and the arms of his chair forcing his hips wide. He was almost bent in half. He felt so exposed. Megatron would—would be able to see—

And in that low, rumbling, terrifyingly persuasive tone, Megatron said, “Open up.”

Almost like his frame had been waiting for the command, his modesty panels folded away. His spike was full and hard immediately. Optimus shifted as cool air brushed his valve, and he was suddenly fully aware of where exactly he was—in his *office*, and this was *wrong*, and, well, almost no one could just walk in, but—

“Ah ah, you’ve forgotten something,” Megatron smiled, with a firm hand on his gigantic spike on the screen, and for an erotically terrifying moment Optimus thought he was going to ask him to—

“Open your battlemask.”

Oh. Optimus shuddered. That was almost worse. He did it.

“There.” Megatron sounded pleased, but Optimus couldn’t look at him. He was too busy trying to keep his face controlled. “You don’t get to hide from me today, Optimus. I want to see *everything*.”

Optimus wondered suddenly why he was obeying so easily. He felt like he’d been transported to the end of their last encounter, when he’d been helplessly accepting pleasure until he didn’t think he could take any more. Until the only thought in his processor had been Megatron’s face and his spike and his gravel voice. Just as he was opening his mouth to say something at least marginally defiant, Megatron stroked himself lazily and said, “You are just as lovely as I remember.”

It took an enormous effort to hold back his embarrassed moan, though he knew his face had given him away. That—that was *not* why he was doing this—not that he knew exactly why he *was*, but it had to be something to do with lust and not—and not all the quiet, authoritative compliments that Megatron had given him towards the end of their first encounter.

“And so very well-behaved. Tell me, Prime, are you always this desperate for spike?”

He felt his valve throb and squeeze down hard, hoping for stimulation, and Megatron chuckled, because he could *see it*.

Optimus tried to bring himself to glare at the screen. He couldn’t say, *no, Megatron, it’s just something about you that does it for me*, because that would be admitting too much, and he obviously couldn’t say *yes, Megatron, I am a wanton piece of shareware*—but the evidence was in front of them both.

Megatron had just asked him to open his panels on camera, and Optimus had done it.

He shot back, “Do you always get your spike out for diplomatic calls?”

Megatron laughed, deep and rolling and clearly genuine. He said, “Maybe you just bring out the best in me.”

Optimus tried to hide his smile by turning his face away.

“Now,” Megatron said, his optics getting bright and red and serious, “Show me how you like to touch yourself.”

Optimus couldn't help the little twitch of his hips. He reached one hand between his legs to palm his valve. He didn't really know what to do—he'd never done this for someone else to watch. It shouldn't have felt so intimately vulnerable.

But Megatron made a pleased sound and said, “Mm, yes. Touch your node.”

Optimus considered resisting, doing something else, but...he wanted to.

“Oh, that's very nice, Prime.”

Over the next twenty minutes, Megatron proceeded to wreak havoc on Optimus's arousal with authoritative instructions and casual praise like: *rub in circles now* and *stop, I want to see the way your node is throbbing* and *we'll need to stretch you if you're going to take me, start with one finger* and *now a second finger, but slowly Prime, or I'll make you start again*.

By the time he was fragging himself with two fingers, his valve was so wet he wondered if Megatron was able to hear it.

He could see a small image of the view he was transmitting to Megatron on his own screen, but he couldn't see any of the details. He could only imagine what Megatron was seeing. He felt so *exposed*, and so embarrassed. After all, what must his valve look like dripping lubricant and stuffed full of his own fingers?

Optimus felt—he didn't know what he felt. Just Megatron watching him was making his charge wind up, but Megatron's voice, and what he was saying...

“Do you wish you could be riding me instead of your fingers?” Megatron purred. “It just isn't enough, is it? Even if you fit all four, they wouldn't be as big as my spike.”

Optimus's vents hitched and he circled and thrust his hips up against his hand. He—sometimes, when he couldn't get that favorite fantasy out of his head, he had tried to simulate the width of his old toys with his fingers by spreading them apart. He couldn't even think of his false spike now—his processor was full of the memory of Megatron's very real, very thick spike moving inside him. Megatron was stroking it on the screen in front of him, all black and silver with the bright red glow of biolights that promised to deliver charge to every single node in his valve. Optimus couldn't tear his gaze away.

Megatron had told him to show him what he liked, and, well, Optimus wanted...

He shifted a bit, so he could get his wrist in a more comfortable position, and drew his two fingers out so they were closer to his valve entrance. Then he spread them apart, as far as they would go, stretching his sensitive, clutching opening wide—perfectly wide—and so Megatron would be able to *see—*

Optimus let out a small, needy noise.

On the screen, Megatron immediately choked and twitched, visibly squeezing his spike hard. A droplet of transfluid appeared at the tip. Megatron growled low and leaned forward like he was trying to get a better look, and, almost too low for Optimus to hear, said, “Pit, you're *perfect*.”

Before Optimus could react, he'd started speaking again, faster now, urgent, "You really need it, don't you? You need a big thick spike to fill you up until there isn't any more room?"

Optimus bit his lip to keep from moaning, but he saw Megatron grinning anyway.

"Do you want to know what I'm going to do to you the next time?"

The next time?

"Well, Prime? Do you want to know?"

Optimus forced out: "Yes."

"I thought so." Megatron smirked and fondled the tip of his spike. "The next time I let you take my spike, I'm going to make you ride me." He looked around himself thoughtfully. "Perhaps on my throne, hm?"

Optimus wished he had the coherence to do more than make an outraged noise in response to that idea. That idea that he didn't find erotic at all.

"No? Well, I'm not particular," Megatron said. Optimus watched as he spread the drop of transfluid over the head of his spike. "Still, I'm going to insist on having you writhing in my lap."

Somewhat helplessly, Optimus started rocking his fingers inside again.

"I won't make you take the whole thing right away."

With his other hand he lightly pinched at his node. He couldn't get a good grip, it was too slippery—all his lubricant everywhere, even dripping down his aft—and he just, he couldn't get there—

"Yes, that's right, Prime. Play with your node." Megatron was watching him closely, mouth slack as he spoke, hand moving faster on his spike. "We'll start off slow, this time. I'll mass shift and leave my spike at, let's say, two thirds this width?" And he squeezed it for emphasis.

"And you'll ride it very prettily, won't you? I'll be able to lower you right down. I'm going to let you work up a good rhythm until you're grinding and bouncing and getting nice and desperate." Megatron smirked. Optimus was shifting, rocking his hips into his hand and trying to get purchase on his slippery little node.

"Then, while it's still inside you, I'm going to take it up a size."

Optimus—Optimus froze and, well, how had he not thought of that before? His fans were whining as they tried to get rid of excess heat—he was whining too. He needed... He'd been *vividly* imagining everything Megatron had been saying before, but *this*—he could almost feel it in his valve.

"Ten percent the first time. Just a little stretch."

Optimus moaned helplessly.

"And then I'll do it again, and again, and again. If what I'm seeing now is any indication," Megatron leered. "You'll be more than wet enough to handle it."

Prefluid was flowing in a little stream from the head of Megatron's spike now. His grip was getting slick, Optimus could see it. He was torn between looking there and at Megatron's face.

"I wonder how long it'll be before you're begging for it. All, 'please, Megatron, make it bigger, I

need it.' I'll be making you wait, of course."

"Megatron," he choked out.

"Because *this* is what you really want, isn't it?" Megatron moved his hand away so Optimus could have a good view of his spike from base to tip. Freed, it bobbed, then twitched back up eagerly toward Megatron's abdomen. Optimus tracked each little movement like he was mesmerized. He wanted to feel it slap against his face. Megatron caught it and stroked it again with a sigh. He told Optimus, "You want to be stretched so wide there just isn't any more room."

Primus, what would that feel like? A steady, all over stretch at his rim and deep in his valve, just inexorable, even pressure, stretching him, spreading him open—

"Once it's nice and big, you're going to have a hard time fragging yourself properly. You'll be weak, and it's going to be so *thick*." Megatron smiled. "I'm quite fond of that image. You, writhing, desperately trying to rock yourself back and forth on a spike that's almost too much for you. And your slick little valve will get even tighter around me each time."

Optimus worked a third finger inside himself. He knew he must look desperate, face flinching with each burst of stimulation and unable to tear his optics away from the spectacle on screen, but he didn't even care anymore. He just, he needed—

"Go on, rub your node, Prime," Megatron said, watching him, and he did, rubbing a circle into it with one finger, still trying to get enough leverage to frag himself properly with his other hand. "No, no. Harder."

Optimus's vents stuttered and he gasped out, "I need—Megatron, I need—"

"I know. Keep rubbing your node and curl your fingers inside yourself," Megatron said. His voice poured into Optimus's audials and spread aching, desperate fire through his lines. "I expect you'll be mostly incoherent by the time I've reached my full size. Desperate for stimulation, but barely able to lift your hips to get it."

Megatron's voice had slowed now, quiet and sinful and dragged out, like a caress. "Do you remember what you were begging me for at the end? 'More?' And 'harder?' And 'make me take it?' 'Make me, Megatron, please, pound me through the berth?'"

His fingers moved furiously in his valve, over his node. He remembered. Oh Primus, he remembered.

"I'm going to give it to you hard and fast and deep, just the way you want, and I'm not going to stop when you overload, I'll keep going, right through, until all you can do is scream my name," Megatron said, growling the words. "And you're going to love it. After all, just look at you, showing yourself off because I told you to. You're going to be very good and overload on camera for me, aren't you?"

Megatron's optics were a blaze of red. Optimus couldn't look away. He managed to say, "Yes, yes I—Megatron *please*—"

Megatron groaned. His hand jerked on his spike and his hips rose in little bucks off the throne. "Go on, Optimus. I can see the way your node is throbbing, the way you're squeezing around your fingers."

Then, in a breathless growl, "Show me what that pretty valve looks like when you overload."

Optimus curled forward even more in his chair, Megatron's words echoing in his audials and the image of his thick spike thrusting into the air filling his processor. He felt his overload spread like liquid fire out from his node and valve until he was shaking and shivering and bright white licks of charge were dancing between the plates of his armor.

When Optimus felt awareness returning to him, he could hear Megatron panting. On the video feed, Megatron's optics were wide and his hand was moving firm and fast over his spike.

Feeling mischievous, Optimus remembered what had gotten him a reaction before. His fingers were still inside his valve—three this time—and he spread them wide apart, so that Megatron could see. Optimus shivered. He was still aching, and lubricant was dripping out of him. His valve twitched, squeezing down.

Megatron gasped and moaned, optics flickering. “Damn you, Prime,” he said, breathless.

Optimus smiled at him beatifically.

With his voice full of static, Megatron demanded, “Put your fingers in your mouth.”

“Why?”

“Because I want to watch you suck on them.” Megatron grinned for a moment, before another stroke of his spike made his face tense again, and he closed his lips on a moan.

Optimus gently pulled his fingers out of his valve, ignoring the lubricant that spilled with them, and brought them, very slowly, ever so slowly, to his lips. He inexplicably felt *more* embarrassed, as if he could pretend to have any shame left after this.

Megatron looked entranced.

Optimus licked over one fingertip, as slowly as he could, visibly cleaning off his own lubricant with long, lingering, steady passes with his tongue, followed by quick, teasing flicks. Megatron's optics were bright, and Optimus could hear his vents whining.

He paused to say, “I wonder what your transfluid would taste like, like this,” and slid the one finger into his mouth as far it would go.

Megatron choked, and his engine revved, and Optimus fit his lips around his finger and sucked, hard, right back to the tip.

With a cry, Megatron's whole body arched on his throne, his hips thrusting up into his hand, and then transfluid was dripping over his fingers and his still-twitching spike. Optimus really did wish he could taste it...

Finally, Optimus shifted his legs off the arms of the chair, and groaned as his frame protested the strange position he'd put it in. He let himself lean back and relax.

Megatron's optics flickered as he came back to himself looking at Optimus again. He shook some of the transfluid off of his hand.

“Good?” Optimus asked, smiling a little.

Megatron only grinned.

They had a lot to discuss, but Optimus was thinking mostly about one thing. He said, “So, where and

when?”

Still staring wide-opticked and wishing he could pour solvent over his memory banks, Prowl pressed a button on his console that made the screen go blessedly dark. He stood up and moved stiffly out of his office.

Several minutes later, he slammed open the door of Jazz’s office and yelled, “Turn that off right now!”

Jazz tilted his head to the side of his console and flashed an innocent smile. “Turn what off?”

The smile turned sheepish as they both heard Megatron’s voice come out of the console speakers. Unfortunately, Prowl was now able to recognize that tone as Megatron’s *interfacing* voice.

“Turn *that* off.” Prowl crossed his arms sternly over his chest and put his foot down. “And delete every recording you’ve made.”

Optimus Prime

Memo Re: Communications

This is a reminder that the Ark’s secure communications channels, though encrypted against Decepticon hacking, are continually monitored by the Autobot Special Operations Team.

Prowl

Second-in-Command

End Notes

Thank you to [RHplus](#) for the beta and for the incredible idea behind this fic.

All feedback cherished. Find me on [twitter](#) and [tumblr](#)!

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